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A SKYWALD HORROR-MOOD MAGAZINE
NEW
NOSFERATU
THE AXE MURDERESS
and
the saga of the VICTIMS
I AM A MONSTROSITY
ALL NEW HORROR STORIES AND FEATURES
THE EXORCIST
and
YOU CAN'T JUDGE A KILLER BY THE CORPSE!
plus all-original tales of horror terror and EVIL!
BAKESTAR

SCREAM

- edited by ALAN HEWETSON -
No. 11 FEB. 1975
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Nosferatu

The tale of the female fiend in Nosferatu's Castle BEGINS when she was an innocent child — and ENDS in horror as an old witch . . . page 4

You can't judge a Killer by the Corpse

People DO judge the criminal by his crime, which is a ghastly mistake in the case of this KILLER and his CORPSE companion . . . page 16

The Breeders

Candy can rot your teeth, but can it devour your SOUL? The Breeders know . . . page 26

The Exorcist

A shocking review of the shock movie of the decade . . . page 33

The Saga of the Victims

Chapter 5 in the continuing saga of 2 innocent young girls struggling for survival — I AM A PROUD MONSTROSITY . . . page 47

NOSFERATU

· CHAPTER 9 ·

NOSFERATU HAS **ELEVEN GUESTS** IN HIS **MEDITERRANEAN CASTLE**--BEFORE **MORNING** ALL THEIR **TALES** WILL BE **TOLD** AND ONLY **NOSFERATU** WILL BE LEFT TO **TELL HIS TALE** IN A **SAD CHANT** OF **WOE**--8 HAVE **ALREADY SPOKEN**--THEY ARE THE **DEAD THINGS** WHO YOU SEE **UNMASKED!** 3 HAVE **YET** TO **SPEAK**--ONE **MASKED** AS A **COMMON HOUSEHOLD CAT**--SIR DONALD EDWARDS, OF **ENGLAND**--THE ONE **MASKED** AS A **VULTURE**--**HO CHI LAOH**, OF **CHINA**--AND THE **ONE** WHOSE **AUTOBIOGRAPHY** YOU ARE ABOUT TO **HEAR**--THE **GRUESOME SAGA** OF THE **FEMALE**, MASKED IN A **DECAYING ANIMAL SKULL**--**ANTIE MAE DIPPIE**--THE FAMOUS **AXE-MURDERESS** OF **AUSTRALIA**--

...THIS IS **HER** TALE...

I KILL TO LIVE

SO--**ANTIE MAE DIPPIE**...IT'S **YOUR TURN** TO **SPEAK**--

WHY--**WEAR** THAT **ROTTING SKULL**?--WHAT **KIND** OF **ANIMAL** IS THAT WHOSE **APPEARANCE** IN **DEATH** YOU **MIMIC**?

THE **VULTURE**--THE **SAME** AS MY FRIEND SLIGHTLY TO THE **NORTH** OF **MY** OWN HOMELAND--**HO CHI LAOH** OF **CHINA**--

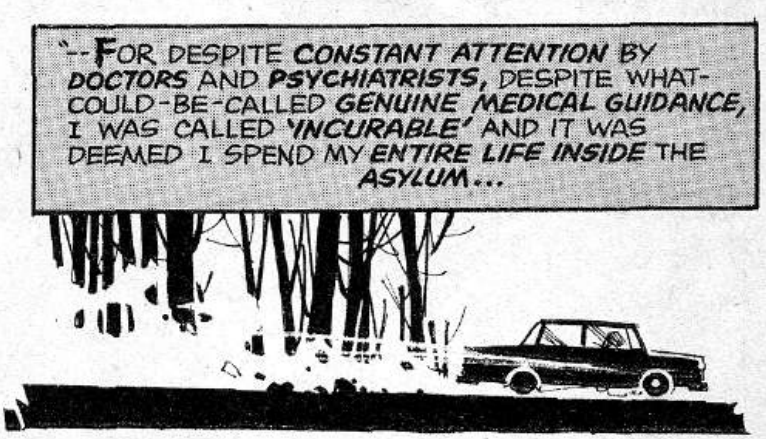
...I KNOW NOT **WHY HE** WEARS A **VULTURE** MASK--BUT WHY I WEAR THE **VULTURE'S VISAGE AFTER DEATH**, IS **WHY** I AM **HERE** THIS **MORNING**...

SEE P. 7

written by ALAN HEWETSON
illustrated by ZESAR

"...I DON'T SUPPOSE TOO MANY CHILDREN OF THE WESTERN WORLD LIVED A MORE WRETCHED CHILDHOOD THAN I--MY FATHER WAS A PHILANDERER...
"...AND A WIFE-BEATER--AND MY MOTHER WAS A SOUSE...
...WHEN I WAS ABOUT 7 OR 8 YEARS OLD, I WITNESSED A BRUTAL CONFRONTATION BETWEEN MY PARENTS--MY MOTHER SCREAMED AT MY FATHER CERTAIN SENTIMENTS ABOUT HIS 'WOMEN', AND HE TURNED ON HER WITH AN AXE...
"...MY FATHER BRUTALLY MURDERED MY MOTHER BEFORE MY EYES--HE STOOD OVER HER BODY AND, LETTING THE AXE DROP ONTO THE BLOOD-SOAKED FLOOR...
...HE JUST STOOD STOCK-STILL FOR A LONG TIME, LOOKING DOWN AT HER..."
"...FOR A REASON I NEVER UNDERSTOOD (FOR IT WAS CERTAINLY NOT THAT I LOVED MY MOTHER, IN FACT I DETESTED HER, FOR SHE RESENTED ME AND FELT I WAS SOMEHOW RESPONSIBLE FOR THE RIFT BETWEEN SHE AND HER HUSBAND) I PICKED UP THE AXE AND SPLIT OPEN MY FATHER'S SKULL..."

"...THEY TOOK ME TO AN ASYLUM...
"...AND THERE I GREW UP--
"...AND THERE I GREW OLD...


"--FOR DESPITE CONSTANT ATTENTION BY DOCTORS AND PSYCHIATRISTS, DESPITE WHAT-COULD-BE-CALLED GENUINE MEDICAL GUIDANCE, I WAS CALLED 'INCURABLE' AND IT WAS DEEMED I SPEND MY ENTIRE LIFE INSIDE THE ASYLUM...

"...A FEW YEARS AGO--IN 1965, WHEN I WAS 65 YEARS OLD, I DECIDED TO BREAK OUT--AND SO SMUGGLED MYSELF INTO THE BACK SEAT OF A NURSE'S CAR, WHICH EXITED THE ASYLUM AT NIGHTFALL AND PERMITTED MY ESCAPE..."

WHO IS THERE? IS SOMEBODY IN THE BACK SEAT?
OH, MAE!-- IT'S YOU!
YES-- IT'S ME!
"...AGAIN I MURDERED-- SLIPPED A PIECE OF WIRE AROUND HER NECK AND SLICED HER JUGULAR VEIN...

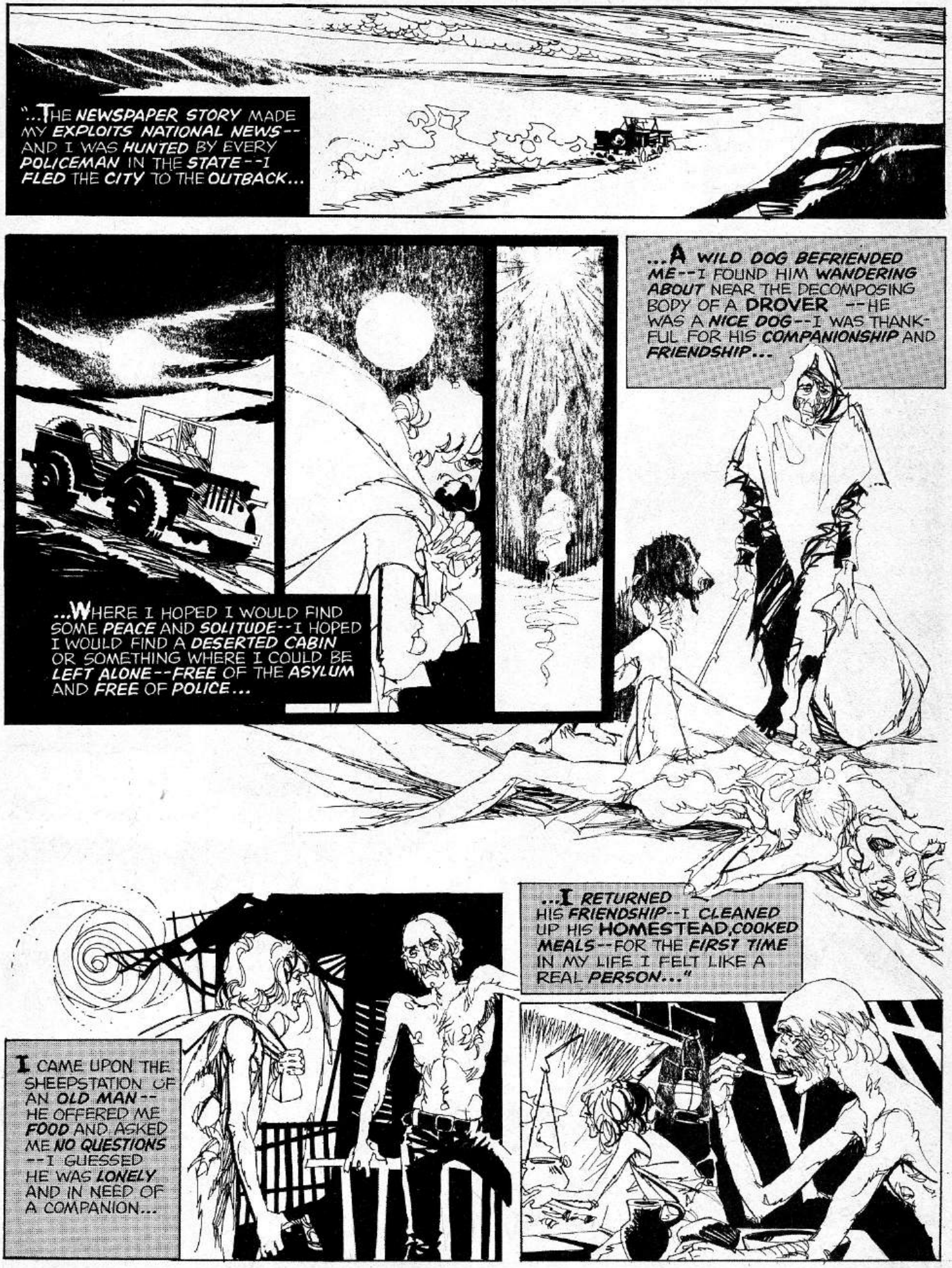
"...BUT NOW I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH MYSELF... I HAD BEEN TAKEN CARE OF BY OTHERS ALL MY LIFE, AND HAD NO IDEA HOW TO EXIST IN THE OUTSIDE WORLD--I NEEDED FOOD AND MONEY--AND TO GET MONEY I KILLED..."

ESCAPED LUNATIC SLAYS 5 PEOPLE

THE PERTH AXE-MURDERESS

Four days ago, a lunatic escaped from the Perth Asylum, after confinement for 58 years. In 1907, Mae Dippie, aged 7, slaughtered her father and was judged by the courts and by medical authorities as incurably insane. During her confinement at the Perth Asylum, authorities reported she was not liked by other inmates, and sarcastically was dubbed 'ANTIE MAE DIPPIE! Since her escape, Ms. Dippie has murdered 5 citizens in the same ugly fashion as she murdered her father, with an axe, and has been re-dubbed 'THE PERTH AXE-MURDERESS' by frightened citizens, afraid to walk the city streets after dark.

ANTIE MAE DIPPIE


"...THE NEWSPAPER STORY MADE MY EXPLOITS NATIONAL NEWS--AND I WAS HUNTED BY EVERY POLICEMAN IN THE STATE--I FLED THE CITY TO THE OUTBACK...
...WHERE I HOPED I WOULD FIND SOME PEACE AND SOLITUDE--I HOPED I WOULD FIND A DESERTED CABIN OR SOMETHING WHERE I COULD BE LEFT ALONE--FREE OF THE ASYLUM AND FREE OF POLICE...
...A WILD DOG BEFRIENDED ME--I FOUND HIM WANDERING ABOUT NEAR THE DECOMPOSING BODY OF A DROVER --HE WAS A NICE DOG--I WAS THANKFUL FOR HIS COMPANIONSHIP AND FRIENDSHIP...
I CAME UPON THE SHEEPSTATION OF AN OLD MAN--HE OFFERED ME FOOD AND ASKED ME NO QUESTIONS --I GUESSED HE WAS LONELY AND IN NEED OF A COMPANION...
...I RETURNED HIS FRIENDSHIP--I CLEANED UP HIS HOMESTEAD, COOKED MEALS--FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE I FELT LIKE A REAL PERSON..."

"...BUT HE HAD DECEIVED ME--HE HAD KNOWN WHO I WAS ALL ALONG FROM THE RADIO REPORTS--AND HAD SECRETLY TRANSMITTED MY WHEREABOUTS ON HIS 2-WAY RADIO TO THE POLICE...
"...WHO ARRIVED IN A HELICOPTER--ARMED WITH GUNS AND ANOTHER WEAPON--THE MOST DREADED WEAPON OF ALL--A STRAIGHT JACKET...
"...I WASN'T ABOUT TO GO BACK TO THE ASYLUM... NOT AFTER TASTING FREEDOM ...I WAS ANGRY AT THE OLD MAN'S BETRAYAL...
"...AND DECIDED I WOULD RATHER DIE FIGHTING THAN RETURN TO THE ASYLUM...
"...ARMED WITH DYNAMITE, ALREADY LIGHTED, I CALMLY WALKED TOWARD THE LANDING 'COPTER...
"...WHEN I WAS A FEW FEET FROM IT--I THREW THE DYNAMITE--TURNED AND RAN...
"...THE 'COPTER, AND THE POLICEMEN, WENT STRAIGHT TO HELL!"

YOU--YOU BETRAYED ME-- I THOUGHT YOU WERE MY FRIEND...
...I...I AM, MAE, I AM YOUR FRIEND--I NEEDED THE REWARD MONEY TO PAY THE MORTGAGE ON MY SHEEPSTATION. WE CAN STILL BE HAPPY, MAE, I SWEAR!
"...I KNEW MORE POLICEMEN WOULD COME--I KNEW THEY'D CHASE ME TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH--ESPECIALLY NOW THAT I HAD KILLED TWO OF THEIR KIND...I TOOK MY ONLY FRIEND AND MADE INTO THE HILLS...
...YOU'RE THE ONLY FRIEND I HAVE, BOY--THE ONLY ONE I KNOW WILL NEVER BETRAY ME!
WE'LL BE FRIENDS, YOU AND I, TILL THE DAY WE DIE--JUST YOU AND I--WE'LL KILL ANYONE WHO STANDS IN THE WAY OF OUR FRIENDSHIP... IT'S JUST YOU AN' I AGAINST THE WHOLE BLOODY WORLD!

"...THEN, OH, HORRORS!--A SNAKE SLITHERED BESIDE ME--A POISONOUS KIND OF HUMAN FEAR WELLED UP WITHIN ME--I WAS PETRIFIED--MY HEART STOPPED--I COULD NOT BREATHE ...I SCREAMED...
"...AND SHOVED MY DOG AT HIM--OH, LORD! OH, HORRORS! WHAT COULD I DO--GOD FORGIVE ME--I WAS SO OVER-WHELMED WITH FEAR...
"...THE SNAKE ATTACKED MY FRIEND AS I WATCHED--FILLED HIS VEINS WITH POISON MEANT FOR ME...
"...I KILLED THE SNAKE WITH A BOULDER--I CRUSHED IT...
"...THEN I PICKED UP ANOTHER BOULDER--ONE TO TAKE MY FRIEND OUT OF HIS AGONY! I HAD BETRAYED--THE ONLY FRIEND I HAD IN THE WORLD... AND I DROPPED THE BOULDER AND CRUSHED HIS HEAD... THANK THE LORD, MY FRIEND DIED INSTANTLY!"

WELL--THAT CAN'T BE THE END OF YOUR STORY! COMPOSE YOURSELF, HAG! HOW DID YOU DIE-- FINISH THE STORY-- STOP WEEPING-- FINISH YOUR STORY!
"I--WATCHED THE VULTURES--TEAR INTO THE FLESH OF MY FRIEND --I SAT AND WATCHED THEM EAT MY ONLY FRIEND...I REALIZED THAT I TOO WAS A KIND OF VULTURE...
"...I SAT FOR AN HOUR WATCHING THEM DEVOUR THE FRIEND I HAD BETRAYED...
"...THEN I OPENED MY KNAPSACK-- TOOK MY AXE-- THE AXE I SHOULD HAVE USED TO KILL THE SNAKE, TO SAVE MY FRIEND...
"...AND ENDED MY WRETCHED, BLOODY LIFE WITH A SINGLE SWING OF THE AWFUL BLADE..."
THAT--IS MY TALE...
NEXT: DEAD-- ON THE COUNT OF TEN!

SCREAM MAILBAG

"...still no HEAP - what's the matter?"

"In issue #13 of your HORROR-MOOD publication of PSYCHO, you made known of the end of your fantastic HEAP series. You ended the story with a coupon for a "YES HEAP . . . NO HEAP" VOTE, and you said, that if there were enough votes in, you would continue the HEAP saga. This is very good, and the suspense was almost unbearable. I was equally shocked, when in issue #17 of PSYCHO (inside back cover), you announced the RETURN of the HEAP. One thing is wrong . . . it is now issue #21, and STILL NO HEAP. What's the matter?"

Here's the story, the WHOLE story . . .

. . . Sometime ago, when the HEAP made his debut in PSYCHO #2 (pre-HORROR-MOOD) this character showed promise. Although the idea of THE HEAP was a swipe from olden times the character we presented did show promise. It became very popular, particularly *when Pablo Marcos took over the art chores.* The issues featuring the HEAP stories, just as SKYWALD got into the HORROR-MOOD, were very popular. Then, as you know, a new artist took over the last two chapters of THE HEAP — what can we say, in all honesty, about those last two chapters that have not already been said — they were REALLY BAD! We were disappointed. We resolved (after we received an overwhelming YES HEAP VOTE) to revive THE HEAP and to do one wham-bang dynamite GREAT series. So we solicited the art work of Ricardo Villamonte, who promptly left to do advertising and other type work. We then had no less than 4 (count 'em, four) artists TRY to come up with a NEW and worthwhile HEAP character (by WORTHWHILE, folk, in all honesty we mean WORTHWHILE), because we were DETERMINED to do it RIGHT if at all. Time after time we were disappointed — until NOW — working on a concept of artist Gene Day — we have an outasight ARTIST lined up to do the NEW HEAP just as soon as he's finished a certain-something-else which is occupying all his time at the moment! The HEAP is not dead — far from it, certain bad elements, negative aspects, to the *old HEAP ARE dead — in particular the* unoriginal premise is dead! The NEW HEAP is all new and it-is-DYNAMITE — by the finest HORROR-MOOD artist and one of the finest artists in all of comics. You DO have to wait just a few more months — but it'll be well WORTH the wait. HEAP lovers: you're in for the SHOCK of the DECADE when THE HEAP RETURNS!

WELCOME to the eleventh issue of SCREAM . . .

. . . A Behemoth bunch of answers from Mrs. Pat. Contreros . . .

"The best story in NIGHTMARE #20 is THE SCREAM AND THE NIGHTMARE because THE STORY FAR EXCEEDED THE OTHERS IN THIS ISSUE AND THE SHOGGOTH SERIES IS VERY INTERESTING. My favorite all-time HORROR - MOOD story is THE SLITHER - SLIME MAN, CAUSE ITS VERY EXCITING. The ART WAS FANTASTIC, AND I LOVED THE SCRIPT. I buy HORROR-MOOD magazines because IN MY OPINION THEY ARE THE BEST IN ILLUSTRATED TALES OF HORROR. FOR QUITE SOME TIME I WAS STUCK WITH YOUR COMPETITOR'S JUNK, BUT THEN I DISCOVERED THE HORROR-MOOD *MAGAZINES AND IT* WAS LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT, AND I WILL NEVER GO BACK AGAIN. My favorite HORROR-MOOD artist is wretched RICARDO VILLAMONTE. My favorite HORROR-MOOD cover artist is fetid FABA (SCREAM #8) My favorite type of story is HORROR. I think photofeatures are: THE ONLY PHOTO FEATURES THAT I LIKED WERE THE MOVIE REVIEWS AND PREVIEWS. My favorite HORROR-MOOD story title is CASTLE OF THE VAMPIRE DEAD. My favorite HORROR-MOOD CHARACTERS are THE HUMAN GARGOYLES. My favorite HORROR-MOOD series is THE SHOGGOTH MYTHOS. I think text stories ARE ALRIGHT IF THEY ARE KEPT DOWN TO ABOUT ONE EVERY TWO ISSUES (NOT MORE THAN THAT).

A BEHEMOTH BUNCH OF *QUESTIONS VON BOD*-ENHAUSEN, of Nebraska ("— the best story in SCREAM #8 is "MY PRISON IN HELL" because Alan Hewetson is a horror-fiction master! His series gives him a good chance to develop characters like Nosferatu. Cesar's art was exceedingly exciting. Hewetson's stories never die down and get boring — you should have a HORROR-MOOD HOTLINE COLUMN which would offer a behind the scenes look at SKYWALD and give news and previews. Also, organize your letters more and print complete letters —"), RUSSELL BORACCI of New York, BILL MESSICK of Maryland ("— THE HUMAN GARGOYLES are fantastic — the art is fantastic — the characters have real personalities —"), MICHAEL COOMBS of Maine ("—next to my swords, knives, miniature devices of torture and death, SCREAM turns *my fancy best* —"),

. . . don't forget SCREAM No. 11 now on sale . . . featuring the VICTIMS and NOSFERATU — nice rap y'all . . .

THE NARRATIVE OF ARTHUR GORDON PYM OF NANTUCKET, the E.A. Poe masterpiece illustrated by Cesar Lopez, is ready for publication — which will be SOON — so await it EAGERLY!

MONSTER MONSTER

The strangest werewolf saga ever to appear RETURNS to the pages of PSYCHO in the next issue, on sale December 30, 1974! New artist PAUL PUIGAGUT joins oldtimer AUGUSTINE FUNNELL to raise the monumental tales to even greater heights in chapter 7: VISIONS OF BLOODY DEATH, and in the succeeding chapters that will appear in every issue until a climactic, blockbuster concluding chapter 9 — don't DARE miss it!

What is this mysterious TALES OF EVIL SPECIAL EDITION you keep hearing about? Well, actually it's the very, very SPECIAL 25TH ISSUE ANNIVERSARY COLLECTORS' EDITION OF PSYCHO — a magazine devoted to a single, strange theme — a town snatched right out of hell — an EVIL town with 10 evil stories. It's not a town, or an issue, you'll want to miss — so watch for it soon!

...SOME OF WHOM *TRY* TO MAKE THE BEST OF A LIFE THAT HAS *NOTHING* TO OFFER...

THERE ARE PEOPLE LIVING HERE... NOT THE *BEST* OF PEOPLE, BUT HUMAN BEINGS NEVERTHELESS...

BUT LIKE EVERYTHING ELSE, THERE ARE *CHANGES*... AND THEY'RE NOT ALWAYS GOOD...

...IN FACT, SOMETIMES THEY'RE PURE *HORROR!*

OH MY GOD...

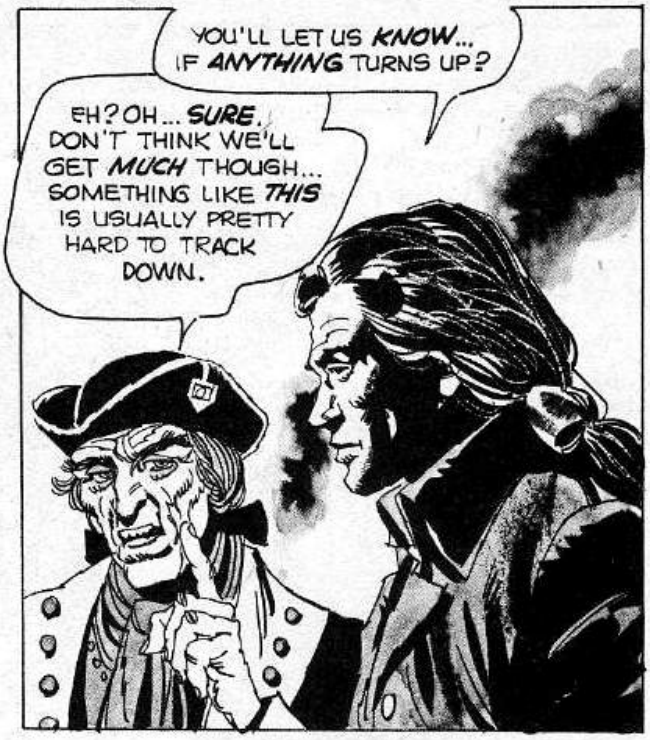
written by AUGUSTINE FUNNELL illustrated by ANDY CRANDON

THE HORROR OF IT SETS OFF *FEAR*... THE SCENT OF DRIED BLOOD *SMASHES* THROUGH HIS NOSTRILS, AND HE *REELS*, ALMOST SICK, AGAINST THE WALL FOR BALANCE. THIS *GRISLY* THING BEFORE HIM ONCE LAUGHED AND LIVED... AND WHAT IS MORE, IT WAS A *FRIEND*... A *VALUED* FRIEND... BUT NOW... *NOW*, IT IS NOTHING MORE THAN A *BLOODY LUMP* OF *MANGLED FLESH!* THERE IS *VENGEANCE* TO BE GAINED, BUT UPON *WHOM? THAT'S* THE QUESTION... AND EVERYONE KNOW'S...

YOU CAN'T JUDGE A KILLER BY THE CORPSE!

...IT IS IN ACTUALITY ONLY A FEW *MOMENTS* UNTIL THE AUTHORITIES ARRIVE!
GOOO GOD! WHAT *HAPPENED* HERE?
...I... DON'T KNOW. I WAS ON MY WAY TO THE BUREAU...LOOKING FOR *WORK*... WHEN I OPENED THE DOOR...*IT* WAS HERE!

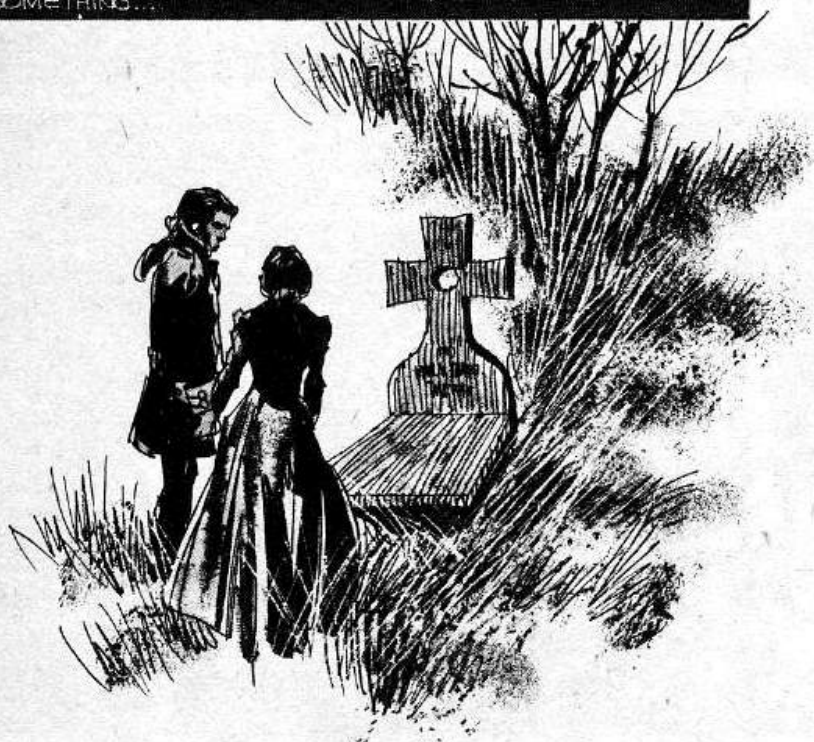
IT'S AS *SIMPLE* AS *THAT*... A FEW *QUESTIONS*, QUICKLY JOTTED *NOTES*, AND THE BODY IS *CARTED* AWAY... ONLY THE *HORROR* REMAINS!


YOU'LL LET US *KNOW*... IF *ANYTHING* TURNS UP?
EH? OH... *SURE*. DON'T THINK WE'LL GET *MUCH* THOUGH... SOMETHING LIKE *THIS* IS USUALLY PRETTY HARD TO TRACK DOWN.

EVEN THOUGH HE *KNEW* THEY WOULDN'T BE GETTING IN TOUCH WITH HIM, PAUL WAITED...

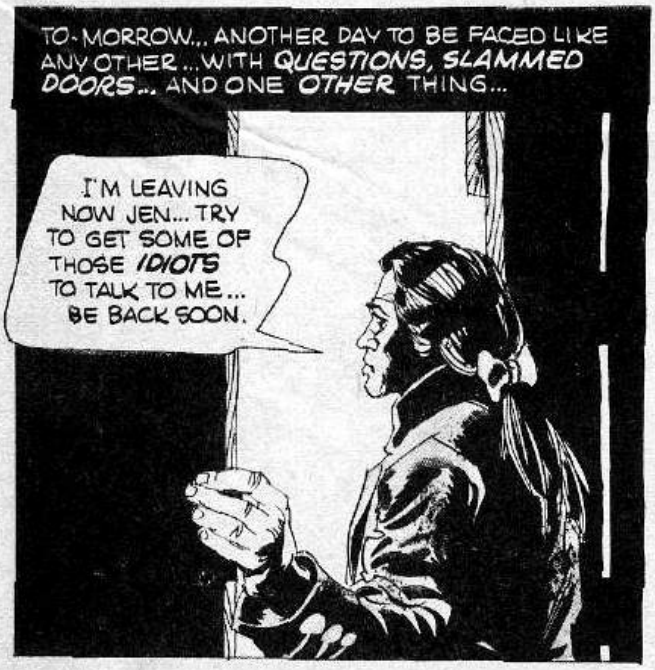
...BUT A MAN CAN ONLY WAIT *SO LONG*... DO NOTHING FOR JUST A CERTAIN LENGTH OF TIME-- AND FINALLY, ULTIMATELY, HIS IMPATIENCE *EXPLODES!*

SUFFERED THROUGH THE *AGONY* OF LOSING A FRIEND... A *GOOD* FRIEND... WAITING, WAITING, FOR SOMETHING...



SO HE GOES TO FIND A KILLER... AND ALTHOUGH SHE DOESN'T WANT TO, JEN GOES TOO... FOR THERE IS A MANIAC LOOSE... AND SHE COULD NEVER LET HIM FACE IT ALONE!

IF A MAN CAN STAND ONLY SO MUCH IMPATIENCE, THEN HE CAN STAND ONLY HALF AS MUCH REJECTION!
DAMMIT! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THESE PEOPLE? NONE OF THEM SEEM TO CARE THAT A MAN WAS RIPPED TO SHREADS ALMOST ON THEIR BLOODY DOORSTEPS!


TO-MORROW... ANOTHER DAY TO BE FACED LIKE ANY OTHER ...WITH QUESTIONS, SLAMMED DOORS... AND ONE OTHER THING...
I'M LEAVING NOW JEN... TRY TO GET SOME OF THOSE IDIOTS TO TALK TO ME... BE BACK SOON.

ONCE MORE HE CAN SMELL THE BLOOD... HEAR THE FLIES BUZZING ABOUT... BUT HE IGNORES BOTH AS THE DOOR IN FRONT OF HIM SLOWLY OPENS...

HE LOOKS AT WHAT WAS ONCE A HUMAN BEING... BUT THERE IS NO REVULSION IN HIS FEATURES. NO HORROR AT WHAT LAYS GROTESQUELY BEFORE HIM!

LOOK MATE... IF YOU DON'T QUIT ASKIN' QUESTIONS THE SAME THING MIGHT HAPPEN TO YOU! SO MAYBE YOU BETTER GET OUT OF HERE... WHILE YOU CAN!

THE DOOR SLAMS IN HIS FACE *AGAIN*... AND *SLOWLY*, EVER SO SLOWLY, *SOMETHING* BEGINS TO TAKE SHAPE IN HIS MIND...

...SOMETHING HE DOESN'T THINK *QUITE POSSIBLE*...

NO... IT *COULDN'T* BE... I DON'T THINK...

...BUT CAN'T QUITE *DENY!* HE MOVES *FASTER*... HE'S FOUND AN *ANSWER*... AND BY GOD HE'LL *ACT* ON IT!

JEN! JEN! I'VE *FOUND* THE *KILLER!*

WHAT!

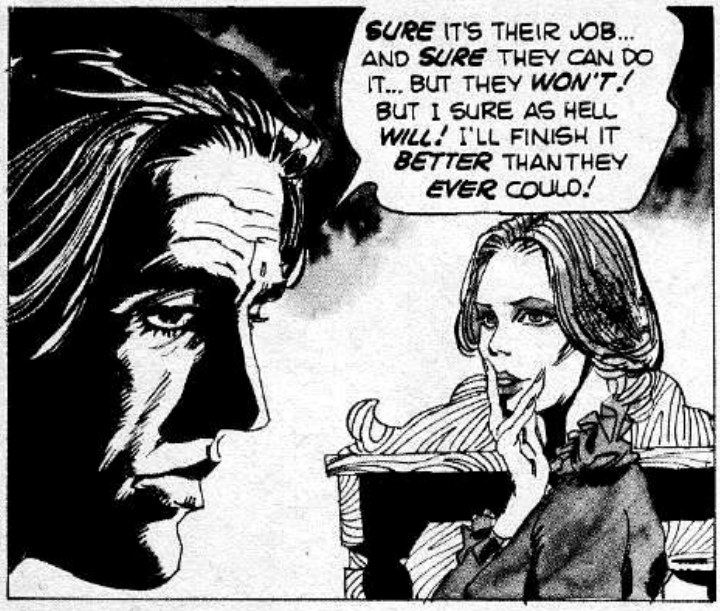
THE MAN IN APARTMENT 14. HE'S THE *KILLER!* TOLD ME THAT IF I DIDN'T STOP NOSIN' AROUND THE SAME THING WOULD HAPPEN TO *ME!*

YOU'RE *SURE* HE'S THE ONE?

FOR GOD'S SAKE JEN! HOW MUCH *MORE* PROOF DO YOU YOU *NEED?* HE AS MUCH AS *TOLD* ME HE'S THE KILLER!

AND *TO-NIGHT* JOHN'S DEATH WILL BE AVENGED! I'M GOING TO GET THE BLOODY *CREEP* AND DO THE SAME TO HIM AS *HE DID TO JOHN!* I *SWEAR* IT!

PAUL... WHY NOT LET THE *POLICE* HANDLE IT? IT'S THEIR *JOB* AND THEY CAN DO IT.



A FEW RASH STATEMENTS... BUT BEHIND THE WORDS IS HATRED... HATRED FOR THE HUMAN FILTH THAT COULD INDISCRIMINATELY RIP TO SHREADS A LIVING, BREATHING HUMAN BEING! SO WHEN NIGHT COMES, THAT HATRED HAS FESTERED...

...ERUPTED INTO A BURNING SCALDING ENTITY UNTO ITSELF!

HE WALKS WITH A PURPOSE... A SENSE OF RIGHTEOUSNESS! A VICIOUS MURDER WILL BE AVENGED THIS NIGHT, AND HE WILL BE THE INSTRUMENT OF RETRIBUTION!

THIS IS IT YOU BLOODY MURDERER! I'M GOING TO RIP YOUR GUTS OUT YOU KILLER!
HEY... LOOKIT HERE...
NO WAY MURDERER! YOU'RE NOT TALKING YOUR WAY OUT OF THIS... NO WAY!!!
PAUL WATCHES WITH GLEE AS FEAR COMES INTO THE MAN'S EYES.. HE KNOWS HE'S GOING TO DIE!
DIE MURDERER ... DIE!!!

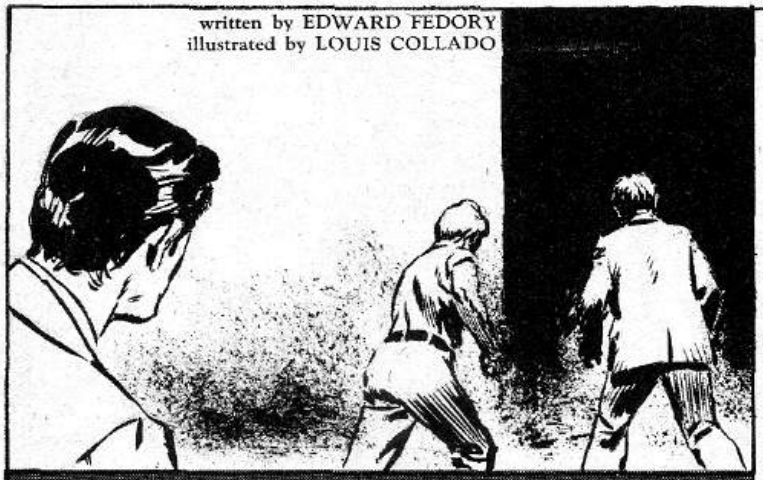
LONG AFTER LIFE HAS LEFT THE BLOODY FLESH PAUL CONTINUES TO HACK AND SLASH, PIPPING PIECES OF BLOODY FLESH FROM WHITENED BONES...
...UNTIL, SOON, HIS ENERGY SPENT, HE STOPS... AND SANITY...OF A SORT... RETURNS TO HIS GLAZED EYES!
IT'S FINISHED JEN... I'VE AVENGED JOHN'S DEATH!
SOMEWHERE IN THE BACK OF HIS BRAIN A VOICE TELLS HIM WHAT A FOOL HE HAS BEEN... BUT HE HAS LITTLE TIME TO LISTEN...
JEN! NO... NO!!
...SO VERY LITTLE TIME FOR ANYTHING!

HOT DOGS 20¢
HOT DOGS 20¢
12¢
SHE WALKS, WEARING THE EYES OF ALL WHO ARE NEAR...
...BOUNCING ON HIGH-SPIKED HEELS...
KLIK KLICKKLICKY KLIK KLIK
...AND BEATING A FEMININE TATTOO THAT CANNOT GO UNNOTICED!
KLIKITYKLK KLIKITYKLIK KLIK
SHE IS DESIRE INCARNATE.. THE IDOL OF LOST FANTASIES...THE GLORY OF A THOUSAND SLEEPLESS NIGHTS..
KLIKITY KLIK KLI
...THE HEATHEN GODDESS FOR MAN'S RAW, PRIMITIVE CRAVINGS!
SUDDENLY, FROM WITHIN THE DANK SHADOWS OF THE DARKENED ALLEY
WK-WHAT IS HAPPENING?
OH, PLEASE GOD... ...STOP THE PAIN! STOP THE ...PAIN!

written by EDWARD FEDORY
illustrated by LOUIS COLLADO

WHO ARE THEY?

THE BREEDERS!



WITHIN THE SHADOWS OF CHIPPED BRICK WALLS, IT LIES.. ONCE ADORNED WITH THE PETAL SOFTNESS OF LIVING FLESH.. NOW REDUCED TO A GROTESQUE FORM THAT SEEMS MORE A SKELETON DRAPED IN CANVAS-SKIN THAN A WOMAN!

MY GOD! WHAT HAPPENED TO HER!

SOMEONE CALL THE POLICE! HURRY! .. SOMEONE CALL THEM!

...I THINK... ...I THINK I'M GONNA BE... ... SICK...

THE SHRUNKEN, AND DISFIGURED REMAINS ARE LOWERED INTO THE DEPTHS OF A GIANT GREEN, PLASTIC BAG. THE FETID CARGO IS THEN LIFTED TO A WAITING STRETCHER AND CARRIED FROM THE SHADOWY, BRICK BOWELS.

... AND YOU SAY SHE JUST WALKED IN HERE AND THEN YOU... HEARD SCREAMS?

YES, THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED!

SHE WAS ... IT WAS LYING IN THE GARBAGE... OVER THERE, NEAR THE CAN.

WE BETTER NOT SAY ANYTHING ABOUT THIS TO THE... PRESS!

GOTCHA!... ...BUT HER IDENTIFICATION SAYS SHE WAS MARRIED. WE GOTTA TELL HER HUSBAND SOMETHING.

THEN YOU RAN IN, AND FOUND THE DECEASED?

...N-E-A-R T-H-E C-A-N PERIOD!

AS LITTLE AS POSSIBLE... ...UNTIL WE FIND OUT HOW SHE DIED!

THE BEARERS IN BLUE HAVE LEFT THEIR GRIM TIDINGS... ALONE... A MAN STANDS, LOOKING OVER THE ANTENNA STREWN HORIZON... SEARCHING, EVER SEARCHING, FOR AN ANSWER TO HIS QUESTIONS!
'SOME KIND OF POISONING' THEY SAY! HOW IS THAT POSSIBLE?
WHAT IRONY OF FATE THAT SHE SHOULD DIE NOW! FOR YEARS HER FAT MADE ME SICK! I WAS EMBARRASSED ...ASHAMED TO BE SEEN WITH HER!
NOW... ...WHEN TRANSFORMED TO FEMININE BEAUTY... ...NOW... ...AFTER HER DIETING, WHEN A NEW WOMAN WAS SCULPTURED FROM THE OBESITY OF THE OLD, AND WHEN MY LOVE FOR HER WAS REBORN... ...WHY NOW?
STRICKEN WITH FATHOMLESS GRIEF, THE HUSBAND TOUCHES ON WHAT HE FEELS IS THE CAUSE OF HIS VOLUPTUOUS WIFE'S DEATH...
THE CHOCOLATES! IT HAD TO BE THESE DIET CHOCOLATES WITH THEIR OUTRAGEOUS BUT TRUE RESULTS!
I MUST FIND WHERE THESE THINGS ARE MADE... ...SEARCH THEM OUT!
BLINDED... WITHOUT FACTS... HE SET OUT TO DESTROY THOSE WHO HAVE MURDERED HIS WIFE! A LONE CRUSADER... A HIDEOUS AVENGER... HE UNLEASHES HIMSELF UPON THE STREETS OF THE CITY!
I MUST FIND THE ANSWERS TO HER DEATH! NOW! ... BEFORE OTHERS SHARE HER FATE!
CHOCOLATES!

WITH GLISTENING RAIN DRIPPING DOWN HIS FACE, THE HUSBAND COMES TO THE DRUG STORE WHERE HIS WIFE BOUGHT HER "POISIONED" DIET CANDIES!
CLOSED
GO AWAY! CAN'T YOU SEE? ..WE'RE CLOSED!
LACKING THE NORMAL SCURCE OF ENTRY, THE ENRAGED HUSBAND CRASHES THRU THE FRONT PANE OF GLASS!
CLOSED
YOU KILLED HER! YOU KILLED... ...MY WIFE!
HONEST, MISTA... I AIN'T KILLED NO ONE! NEVER!
DENY IT NOT, BEGGAR!
AS THE DRUG STORE OWNER TRIES TO PROCLAIM HIS INNOCENCE, HE FEELS THE IRON GRIP TIGHTEN AROUND HIS THROBBING THROAT!
... OR YOU SHALL PERISH WITH A LIE ON YOUR TONGUE!

HERE IT IS! ...2120 SOUTH MICHIGAN... ...ONLY A FEW BLOCKS AWAY!
WITHIN THE HOUR, HE FINDS HIMSELF WALKING UP THE SLATE STONES OF AN ANCIENT VICTORIAN MANSE!
YOU HAVE DONE WELL, MY PETS! TONIGHT HAS BEEN A GOOD HARVEST! SLEEP!... TOMORROW... YOU SHALL SPAWN YOUR... MY NEW OFFSPRINGS!
THE OLD MAN CROSSES THE BROAD BEAMED FLOOR, AS THE PERFUMES OF DANK AND MYSTERIOUS ANTIQUITY LACE THE AIR. THE WHITENESS OF AGE THAT ADORNS HIS HEAD AND FACE IN LENGTH OFFSETS THE DARKNESS OF HIS GARB... HE IS ALONE...
YES! ...A VERY FINE HARVEST, INDEED!
... SAVE FOR HIS PETS!
BY ALL THAT'S HOLY... ...WHAT IS GOING ON?

YOU!
YOU, OLD MAN, ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE... DEATH OF MY WIFE!
YOU MAKE THE CANDIES... ...THE CHOCOLATES... ...THAT KILLED HER!
NOW YOU SHALL FOLLOW HER! YOU SHALL CROS THE THRESHOLD... YOU... SHALL DIE!
IT IS TRUE... I MANUFACTURE THE "POUNDS AWAY" DIET CHOCOLATES!
IT IS ONLY FITTING, ...FOR I AM THE... GUARDIAN OF... ...THE BREEDERS!
WITH A FURY BECOMING THE INSANE, HE RUSHES HEADLONG ACROSS THE PERSIAN RUGGED ROOM AND CLUTCHES THE OLD MAN IN HIS POWERFUL HANDS!
WHO THE HELL ARE THE BREEDERS? WHAT DO THEY HAVE TO DO WITH MY WIFE'S DEATH?? WHERE ARE THEY?
--TOP OF STAIRS FIRST ROOM--
UNSEEN BY THE HUSBAND, A STRANGE TREASURE LIES SCATTERED AROUND THE FEET OF THE OLD MAN... THE RESIDUE OF THE SPAWN...
I BEG OF YOU... ... DO NOT DISTURB THEM! THEY DO NOT KNOW YOU! THEY WILL ACT IN FEAR!
...TINY, MILK-WHITE... EGGS!
WHILE THE HUSBAND MOUNTS THE FIRST SET OF STEPS...
PLEASE! DO NOT HARM THEM! THEY ARE HERE TO BENEFIT MANKIND!
THEY MEAN NO ONE HARM! IT IS JUST THEIR WAY!
...A PLEA IS HEARD FROM BELOW!

INSIDE THE ROOM, ALL IS DARKNESS ... AND THRU THE BLACK CAN BE HEARD SCRATCHING AND RUBBING NOISES FROM SOME UNKNOWN AND UNSEEN ORIGIN!

'BETTER GET A LIGHT IN HERE! IT'S TOO DARK TO FIND THEM!

:SSKKRITTHH:

WHEN THE STACCATO THUMPING OF THE CONTORTING BODY CEASE, THE OLD MAN STRUGGLES HIS WAY BACK TO THE ROOM...

THE MATCH SPUTTERS TO LIFE, ILLUMINATING THE ENTIRE ROOM, AND ALL OF ITS CONTENTS! WITHIN THE FLICKERING SHADOWS OF THE LIGHT, STRANGE AND GROTESQUE SHAPES SLITHER!

THEY ARE ATTRACTED TO THE LIGHT LIKE MOTHS TO A LAMP... ATTRACTED TO THE SCENT OF THE LIVING FLESH...

FOR THEY ARE THE BREEDERS, AND IT IS NOT WITHIN THEIR TAPEWORM NATURE TO LEAVE A MEAL UNSAVORED!

BACK TO YOUR BASKETS, MY PETS! THE FOOD IS ALL GONE!

YOU MUST CREATE MORE OFFSPRING...

...FOR THE CHOCOLATES CANDIES ARE WAITING...

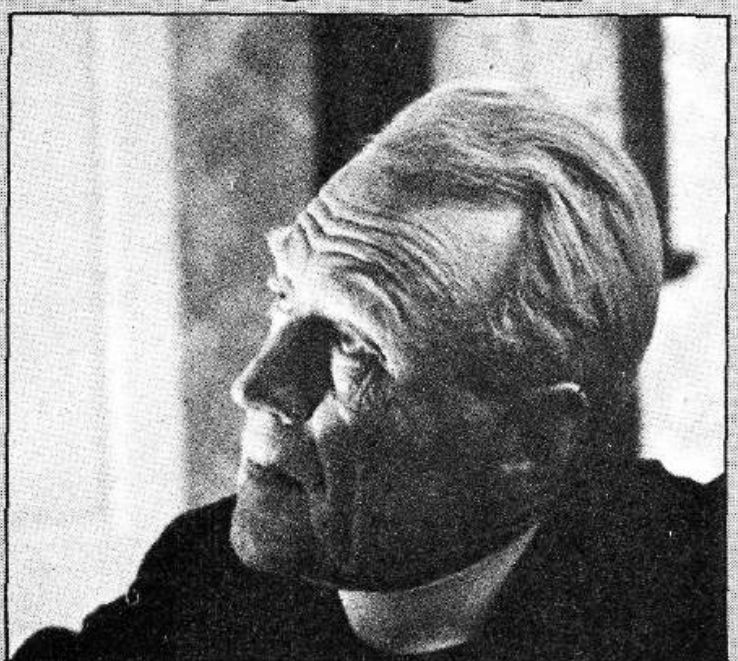
...AND THOUSANDS OF DIETING AMERICANS LONG TO LOSE THOSE EXTRA POUNDS!

...LET'S TRY TO MAKE THEM HAPPY, SHALL WE!

RITUALE ROMANORUM

A long time after the release of THE EXORCIST, and a long time after the ACADEMY AWARDS ceremony where it bombed, THE HORROR-MOOD TEAM decided it was time for a post mortum. Everyone in this horror medium previewed or received this motion picture — primarily because it's been the first big budget horror movie in a long long time — we are interested in this production, like everyone, but we felt it might perhaps be more interesting to look at the corpse, rather than the living movie; For in fact the movie HAS died! Contributors to the article: AUGUSTINE FUNNELL, who looks at the music; EDWARD FEDORY, who looks at the book and the movie; and AL HEWETSON, who looks at everything else, have very varying views on the worth of the horror vechicle — this feature tells exactly how we think and feel about THE EXORCIST.

THE EXORCIST



Views on

THE EXORCIST

by EDWARD FEDORY

Amidst all the cheap sensationalism that seems to grow like weeds around THE EXORCIST only one thing remains true, the original novel. It seems that you can't pass a newsstand today without the word "exorcist" hawking at you from beneath some gaudy letterhead. Certain newspapers have been coming out with "Exorcist" supplements, in the hopes that the mere use of the word will truss up their sagging sales figures. In every major paper we have read stories about people who had violent reactions to the movie, or people who went off the proverbial "edge" . . . this to me, and to author William Peter Blatty is, to quote only myself, manure—with a capital "M". It would seem to be REAL horror, if one thinks that these people were walking the streets just prior to seeing the movie. I say, that if seeing THE EXORCIST helped them to realize they needed psychological help, then the movie has done society a good turn; these people probably would have gone untreated for years.

Well, dear reader, you are probably asking yourself why I am doing this review of THE EXORCIST when there is tons of trite pap on the newsstands already? Well, to answer this, I'd have to say that it is the policy of the SKYWALD line of magazines to keep their readers informed and up-to-date with what is happening in the arts, concerning all things within the theatre of the grotesque. More than a review of the book, (which I have already done for you in PSYCHO #18) I wanted to give you some of my views on both the author, William Peter Blatty, and the style of horror he deals in.

When one reads THE EXORCIST, one is immediately ripped from the book and thrust into the very fabric of the story. You are no longer an impartial judge of style and technique, but become an active character in a situation of sheer terror. Another example of fine and dynamic writing can be found in Blatty's latest published book, TWINKLE, TWINKLE, "KILLER" KANE. One can easily draw similarities between THE EXORCIST'S Father Karras, and Colonel Hudson L. Kane in TWINKLE, TWINKLE . . . It seems that Blatty's pen has a flair for the quiet, inwardly questioning and disturbed type of central figure. Quiet, yet inside we see each protagonist for his true worth . . . each, a pillar of warmth, understanding, reserved and r e s o l u t e strength.

In the movie THE EXORCIST, the character of Father Karras is played by Jason Miller. One cannot help but wonder why his part was not developed to the dynamic proportions in the screenplay as it was in the novel. Perhaps Blatty did this intentionally . . . perhaps he felt the viewing public demanded a little more action and a little less philosophy and thought. As you can easily see, this is all assumption. But, I feel Karras should have been the primary figure in the movie as he was in the book. The novel focused on Karras as the central figure, while in the movie, it appears that the roles shifted so that Regan (the young girl, played by Linda Blair) was on stage-center.

What is so unique about THE EXORCIST? Why has it been such a success? I for one, feel that one of the major reasons for the sucess of the book and the movie, is in the type of horror that is being brought to the public. THE EXORCIST is gut-terror, manifested in a series of stomach wrenching scenes. This is quite opposed to the heady, psychological and seemingly sterile terror that Edgar Allan Poe gave us. If you feel that Poe is the epitome of REAL horror, you should forget about seeing or reading THE EXORCIST, because you won't be prepared to cope with horror in its basest, physical form! The thought of having someone in control of your body . . . of ulcerous sores appearing mysteriously on the face . . . of having your head twisted a full 180 degrees . . . of being forced to tear and multilate your own body—THIS, TO ME, IS HORROR!

Horror is always at its best when its surroundings are familiar to us, and what place could be more familiar to most of the readers than Washington, D.C. The period in time is also crucial. When is this experience in terror supposed to take place? The element of the grotesque seems to weather when we find that our reading material is about something that took place five hundred years ago. In THE EXORCIST, the time is NOW . . . horror is multiplied like some ravenous, cancerous growth until you find yourself believing, or at least wondering if such a thing as demonic possession is possible.

If you want to be scared out of your socks . . . if you want the thrill of being terrified of the shadows that play across your bedroom walls on moon-lit nights . . . if you wanted to recapture the frightening feelings that forced adrenaline through your system when you were a child, then READ and SEE—THE EXORCIST!!

THE SOUND OF

THE EXORCIST

(Or: The Soundtrack That Wasn't)

by AUGUSTINE FUNNELL

illustrated by GENE DAY

There are certain elements that all good movies must have in order to be called good movies. The two most basic, of course, are a solid plot and solid acting. But beyond these, there is, to my mind, a third very important part of any good film. And that is the soundtrack. The music of any movie is a tool of incredible proportions, and can be used to build virtually any mood, from joy to sadness, suspense to assurance. The Exorcist, unfortunately for those among us who enjoy soundtracks, did not feature any music to speak of.

In effect then, this review really isn't about the music of the Exorcist; rather, it is about the lack of music in the Exorcist. And because of that lack, the film suffered. Or at least, to me it suffered.

Who would not think something wrong if they heard Henry Mancini's version of the Beatles' 'Love Me Do' during a John Wayne cavalry charge? Hmmm? Well, if the wrong music is bad, so is having no music. Perhaps the lack of a soundtrack is worse. To many, myself included, it is worse, because music can be used so many ways.

Those who saw the movie heard the first few bars from an album entitled TUBULAR BELLS, but, sadly, they heard no more. TUBULAR BELLS is an album recorded in late '72/early '73 by a man named Mike Oldfield. It is perhaps one of the best pieces of music ever written, and although the movie could easily have featured the entire thing, it didn't.

Whether you enjoyed the movie or not, you have to admit it's a trifle complex in places. What better than a complex soundtrack? Consider the instruments played by Oldfield, and decide for yourself whether or not their complexities, individually and collectively, would have helped or hindered. Grand Piano, Glokenspiel, Bass Guitar, Electric Guitar, Farfisa Organ, Mandolin-like Guitar, Acoustic Guitar, Flageolet, Lowrey Organ, Tubular Bells, and percussion instruments. That is only on Side One, and it's not even a complete list! It is beyond me how instruments like those, ones upon which virtually any mood might be built, and is built by Oldfield, could possibly hinder or take away from the impact of the visuals.

People who have heard the entire album know that the various moods of the music could have done nothing but increased the suspense and horror. The music is soft, dynamic, everything. If it had been used, applied properly, the sledgehammer impacts and build-ups of the Exorcist would have been much more dynamic, much more powerful.

The sad thing about the lack of music is that the arrangements on TUBULAR BELLS are perfect for the type of movie the Exorcist is. At times restful, at times moody, building, bludgeoning. Even the flow of the album is perfet for the Exorcist. Properly spaced, there is virtually nothing on TUBULAR BELLS that would not have fit right into place.

I'm not alone in my dismay at being ripped off for a soundtrack. A number of my acquaintances heard the album before they saw the movie, as I did, and when it was over they commented on the lack. I personally waited and waited for the familiar sounds to assail my ears at the most dramatic points, but was left empty, being forced to rely on visuals alone for a build-up. As often happens, in this case visuals were not enough. My moods had to be built with music. They weren't.

What can I say about the music in a film that had no music? I could fill pages with the greatness of the album, but what good would that do? If there's another music lover out there who has heard and enjoyed TUBULAR BELLS but who hasn't seen the movie (there must be someone somewhere!), I can only warn you that you'll be getting no pleasure from the soundtrack. So don't expect the experience. It doesn't exist.

THE EXORCIST

by ALAN HEWETSON

THE EXORCIST was certainly the most SHOCKING film I've ever seen. It was a well made film, but certainly I was not entertained, despite the well done special effects, make-up and excellent, if typically modern in its grain, photography. Different people have different reasons for making movies, apart from the money, just as people have different reasons for going to see them. Generally speaking, during the last 10 years movies have lost that great point that once made them great — they were ENTERTAINMENT! The EXORCIST certainly was not made to be entertainment — author WILLIAM PETER BLATTY had a religious point of view he wanted to get across and he wasn't going to let a glint of entertainment get in his way. The movie only offered shock after shock — when the shocks died away after a few hours, or a few days, and I thought back to the movie, I remembered rather pathetic make-up that had frightened me. I went to see it with my wife and we were the only two people in the entire movie theatre. My wife Julie had read the book before seeing the movie — she was most interested to see the special effects and how they did things (she wasn't expecting the movie to be a good adaptation of the excellent book, which it wasn't — she thought after seeing the movie that — well, I'll cut down an hour-long coffee shop conversation to a few words: 'it was alright but it wasn't great!' This is a general reaction — it was a let-down after the promotion. If you read the book first you were somewhat disappointed. If you hadn't read the book you either sat in your seat gripping the arms with white knuckles or rolled around in the aisles throwing up! Some people really liked everything — like Ed Fedory, who writes: 'THE EXORCIST is gut-terror, manifested in a series of stomach wrenching scenes. This is quite opposed to the heady, psychological and seemingly sterile horror that POE gave us. If you feel that POE is the epitome of REAL horror, you should forget about seeing or reading THE EXORCIST, because you won't be prepared to cope with horror in its basest, physical form!' Well let's make the 7 o'clock news into a movie and we'll REALLY have REAL HORROR! Is REAL horror reality or pseudo-reality? — Well, with all respect to Ed, I much prefer the heady, psychological horror of Poe; I much prefer FANTASY too — if I want to throw up I'll watch the T.V. news. THE EXORCIST was an opinionated, well-made news report saying: There IS such a thing as demonic possesion. Well we all know that anyway, or at least, we've all read of the famous 1949 'possession' of a 14 year old in Maryland, the 1970 'possession' of an 11 year old boy in Ontario, and the 1939 'possession' of a 17 year old girl in Italy. When I go to the movies I want to be entertained. It's perfectly possible to be entertaining and to present a point at the same time — but if the point is SCREAMED its overdone. The Exorcist was overdone.

I wasn't entertained; I wasn't enlightened about Catholic Exorcism rites. A lot of people were angry because it didn't win more academy awards than it did, saying that it lost because it was an artistic vehicle against the commercial vehicle, THE STING. It lost because it was overacted and because it was often gross and UN-ARTISTIC. Commerce versus art? — What made more money? — THE STING or THE EXORCIST, with its million dollar promotions?

Oh, there's one OTHER reason we're reviewing THE EXORCIST long after it left the movie house circuit. As often stated, when we review a horror movie we only review it if we recommend it — we do NOT believe in bombing a movie while its on the road. THE EXORCIST? — No, we do NOT recommend it as entertainment, though we DO recommend that you see it if you're a horror-student. TEN good, original horror movies could have been made on the EXORCIST budget — but alas, they weren't, and now the corpse of THE EXORCIST is in Hollywood's film vaults.

...ONCE UPON A MIDNIGHT DREARY, WHILE I PONDERED, WEAK AND WEARY... THERE CAME A TAPPING... AS OF SOMEONE GENTLY RAPPING, RAPPING AT MY CHAMBER DOOR...

...THE FAMILIAR OPENING LINES TO THE MOST FAMOUS HORROR POEM IN THE WORLD...

EDGAR ALLAN POE'S THE RAVEN

...THE WORDS OF THE RAVEN ARE KNOWN TO US ALL... THE FAMOUS REFRAIN OF THE BLACK AND EVIL BIRD "NEVER MORE" ARE FOREVER BEING CHANTED IN MODERN HORROR MOVIES TO DENOTE AN ATMOSPHERE OF DEPRESSION AND WOE...

...BUT WHAT IS THE POEM ABOUT? WAT DID POE REALLY MEAN IN HIS CRYPTIC POETIC MESSAGE?... WE HAVE RECONSTRUCTED AND DRAMATIZED THE EVENTS OF THAT BLEAK DECEMBER NIGHT IN 1844... AND THIS IS THE SAD TALE OF:

MR. POE AND THE RAVEN

written by PETER CAPPIELLO illustrated by DENIS FORD

AH LENORE... HOW I LOVE THEE, EVEN BEYOND THE GRAVE... WHAT HORROR DISEASE WAS IT THAT TOOK YOU FROM ME? WHAT DREAD THING IN HELL PULLED YOU FROM ME...
...HEAVEN OR HELL?... WHERE ARE YOU, MY LOVE?...
...AH DISTINCTLY I REMEMBERED IT WAS IN BLEAK DECEMBER...

...VAINLY I SOUGHT TO BORROW FROM MY BOOKS THE END OF SORROW, MY SORROW FOR MY LOST LENORE...

...WHILE I NODDED, NEARLY NAPPING, SUDDENLY THERE CAME A TAPPING, AS OF SOMEONE GENTLY RAPPING, RAPPING AT MY CHAMBER DOOR...

...THESE BOOKS DO ME NO GOOD... I SEEK TO BURY MYSELF IN THEM TO FORGET THE HORRORS OF LENORE'S DEATH BUT...

...BUT... I CAN THINK... OF NOTHING ELSE BUT LENORE

...MY LOST LENORE...

...SIR... OR MADAM... I WAS SLEEPING... WHO IS THERE?

...HERE I OPENED WIDE THE DOOR; DARKNESS THERE AND NOTHING MORE...

WHO IS HERE... IS THERE NO ONE HERE?

...PERHAPS THE GHOST OF MY LOST LENORE?...

...SOON I HEARD A TAPPING SOMEWHAT LOUDER THAN BEFORE... AND AT THE WINDOW THERE STOOD A STATELY RAVEN... WHO STAYED THERE NOT A MINUTE, BUT FLEW ABOVE THE CHAMBER DOOR AND PERCHED UPON A BUST...

...THOU GHASTLY GRIM AND ANCIENT RAVEN... WHY ART THOU HERE?... HAVE THOU WORD OF MY LENORE?...

...A MESSAGE FROM BEYOND THIS LIFE FROM LOST LENORE?

NEVERMORE!

...NEVER-MORE...

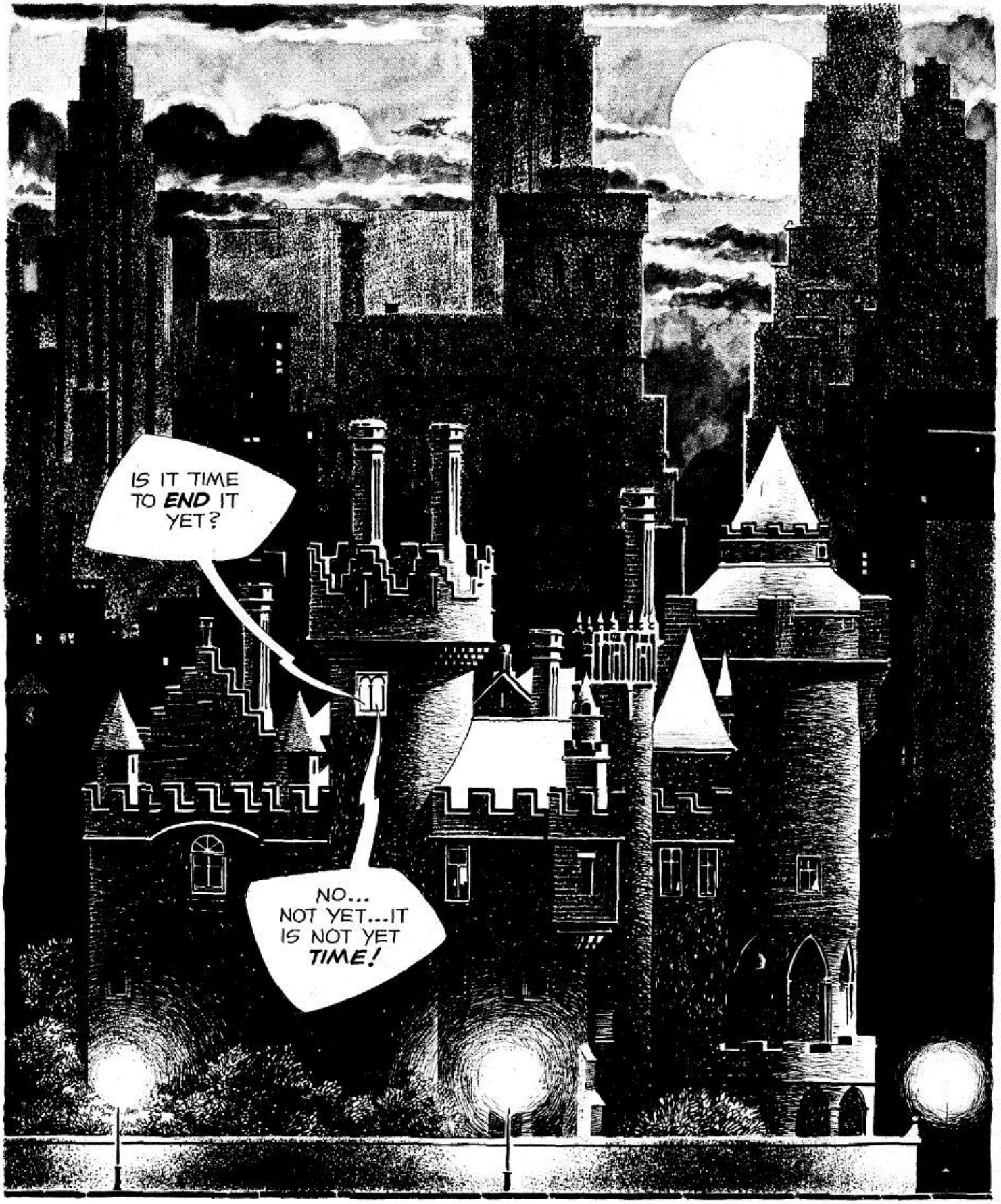
WRETCH!!... WHO HATH SENT THEE? LENORE? LENORE?.. OR SATAN OR GOD OR WHO?... TO TAUNT ME?.. TO MOCK MY LOVE FOR LENORE?...

...NEVER-MORE...
...BE THAT WORD OUR SIGN OF PARTING, BIRD OR FIEND... GET OUT -- GET AWAY FROM ME, BLACK THING OF EVIL... YOU TAUNT ME WITH MY LOVE... MY UNDYING LOVE... THO SHE I LOVE IS DEAD...
GET OUT!! GET OUT!!
NEVERMORE... NEVERMORE... NEVERMORE...
NEVERMORE! NEVERMORE! IS THAT ALL YOU SAY, THING OF EVIL, ARE YOU BIRD OR DEVIL? TELL ME TELL ME, ONLY ONE THING...
...ARE YOU OF HEAVEN OR HELL -- IS LENORE IN HEAVEN? OR IN HELL?...
GET OUT! GET OUT BEAST! FIEND! TORTURER!! QUIT THAT BUST ABOVE MY DOOR... LEAVE... DEPART... GET OUT... GET OUT... I CAN TAKE NO MORE... NO MORE!
...GET OUT BASTARD BIRD... GET OUT...
...OH GOD... OH GOD...
...NEVERMORE...
...NEVERMORE...
I CAN TAKE NO MORE, WITHOUT LENORE... WITHOUT LENORE...
...I CANNOT LIVE... WITHOUT LENORE...
...NEVERMORE... NEVERMORE...
...AND THE RAVEN STILL IS SITTING STILL IS SITTING... ON THE BUST ABOVE MY CHAMBER DOOR... THE LAMP LIGHT OVER HIM STREAMING HIS SHADOW ON THE FLOOR; AND MY SOUL FROM OUT THAT SHADOW SHALL BE LIFTED... NEVERMORE...

THIS...IS THE CONTINUING ***SAGA OF THE VICTIMS...*** CHAPTER 5...AND WE ARE DRAWING NEAR TO A ***CLOSE*** IN THE ADVENTURES OF ***JOSEY FORSTER*** AND ***ANNE ADAMS...***

...AND ***NOW...*** IT IS TIME FOR SOME ***HARD*** N' ***GOOD ANSWERS...***

THE SAGA OF THE VICTIMS



THE TALE OF THE **VICTIMS** IS NOW NEARLY **OVER**, THO' **THEY** DO NOT **KNOW** IT YET...

...I DO NOT KNOW IF THEY WILL SUCCUMB... BUT THEY HAVE SO FAR BEEN **WORN** AND **BEATEN** TO THE **POINT** WHERE I SHALL **LEARN** IF THEY'LL GET UPON THEIR KNEES OR...
...NOT...

...THIS IS THE ***OTHER SIDE OF THE WORLD***...THIS IS AFRICA...THE ***VICTIMS*** ARE WITHIN THE MIGHTY HANDS OF A SUB-HUMAN IMMORAL ***BEHEMOTH*** WHO IS ABOUT TO ***SQUASH*** THEIR LIVES OUT...

...THE ***VICTIMS*** HAVE BEEN NEAR-***DROWNED***, NEAR ***DIED***, ***OFTEN***...THEY HAVE BEEN BRUTALLY ***BEATEN*** AND ***TORMENTED*** IN A SEEMINGLESS ***ENDLESS*** SERIES OF ***LUNATIC*** SITUATIONS... ***BUT***ooo

...THERE NOW ***DAWNS*** AN ULTIMATE ***REASON*** FOR THEIR ***AGONIES***...
...AND SO WE BEGIN SOME ***ANSWERS*** AS WE BEGIN ***CHAPTER 5*** OF THE
SAGA OF THE VICTIMS...
I AM A PROUD MONSTROSITY
...YOU WITLESS GIRLS ARE ABOUT TO
DIE!
written by
ALAN HEWETSON
illustrated by SUSO
SUSO 74

WELL...WHY DON'T YOU DO IT THEN?
ANNE... ARE YOU MAD?
DO YOU SURRENDER?
YOU SEE WHAT I MEAN?
...IT'S MECHANICAL... IT'S LIKE HE'S PROGRAMMED TO SAY THINGS AND DO THINGS LIKE HE'S NOT ACTING ON HIS OWN!
AAAAHH
...NO...NO... WE WILL NOT GIVE IN...
NO!

...WHAT'S HAPPENING?
...THE PAIN HAS VANISHED... ALONG WITH EVERYTHING ELSE...COULD IT BE THAT...THAT THIS ISN'T REALLY HAPPENING?
NO...IT'S HAPPENING... THO' WE'RE IN THE GRIP OF SOMETHING AKIN TO A NIGHTMARE THERE IS NO DOUBT...IT IS HAPPENING!

...WE'RE IN A DESERT...IN THE MIDDLE OF A GOD-DAMNED DESERT!
YEH...

ANNE...I THINK WE'RE ABOUT TO GET THE WORST OF IT RIGHT ABOUT NOW...
...YES... I THINK SO...

YOUR VOICE...IS GETTING VERY THIN...
...I THINK I'M GOING TO CRY...I THINK...I'M GOING TO GET DOWN ON MY KNEES AND PRAY...

...WHAT IS THAT? OVER THE HORIZON?
...I HATE TO THINK WHAT IT IS...
SANDSTORM!!
ANNE...I... CAN'T BREATHE...
...I CAN'T SEE...

...OH, GOD... GOD... THE SAND... CHOKING MY LUNGS... I CAN'T BREATHE...
...IT'S RIPPING MY SKIN...
...IT'S DYING OUT, ANNE... HOLD ON... HOLD ON TO YOUR MIND ABOVE ALL...
...IT'S GONE!!
...AND WE'RE STILL ALIVE... WE COULDN'T LIVE THROUGH SOMETHING LIKE THAT UNDER NORMAL CIRCUMSTANCES... UNPROTECTED... OUT IN THE OPEN LIKE THIS...
...JUST TORMENTED??...
...YES... SOMETHING IS CHALLENGING US... CHALLENGING US WHY I DON'T KNOW BUT WE ARE NOT GOING TO DIE... WE ARE JUST GOING TO BE TORMENTED...

...OH, MY GOD...MY LEG...MY LEG...
MY LEG!
...WE'RE SURROUNDED BY THEM, JOSEY...
...WHERE DID THEY COME FROM, ANNE?
WHERE?
HELL, NO DOUBT... KICK AT THEM... THEY CAN'T KILL US... ONLY HURT US...

THE GROUND IS SHAKING UNDERNEATH OUR FEET...
...IT'S A PIT OPENING UP...
...IT'S WATER!
BOILING WATER!
...IT'S SCALDING MY SKIN!
ANNE...OOO
GOD...OOO
ANNE!!
...THIS...IS THE SAGA OF THE VICTIMS...THIS IS THE TORTURED TALE OF 2 HELPLESS HUMAN BEINGS THROWN INTO CHAOS AND HELL...TORTURED TO MAKE THEM BREAK AND SUCCUMB...WHY DO THEY NOT SUCCUMB?

...WHY DO THEY NOT **GIVE UP** AND ADMIT THE **TORTURE** AND THE **PAIN** AND THE **ENDLESS AGONY** IS TOO MUCH FOR THEM?... WHY?

...PERHAPS BECAUSE THEY **SENSE** THERE IS **MORE** THAN JUST THE **SIMPLE ADMISSION** OF **DEFEAT** INVOLVED...

...PERHAPS BECAUSE THEY **REALIZE** THAT **NO-ONE** IS GOING TO GO TO ALL THE TROUBLE OF **BREAKING THEM** WITHOUT A **POWERFUL REASON**...

...AND PERHAPS THIS **KNOWLEDGE** IS **SUBCONSCIOUS KNOWLEDGE**... PERHAPS THEY CANNOT **SPEAK** THEIR INWARD FEELINGS TO **EACH OTHER** BUT THEY UNDOUBTEDLY DON'T **HAVE** TO...

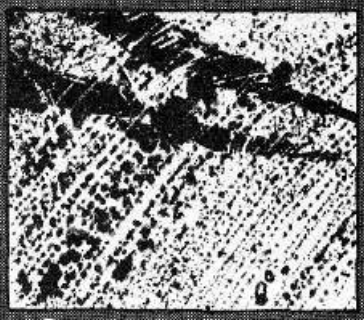
...WHAT KIND OF PLACE IS THIS?
IT APPEARS TO BE AN UNDER-GROUND TUNNEL... OR SEVERAL TUNNELS...IS THERE ANY POINT IN US TRYING TO GO DOWN ONE?...
...NO...I DON'T THINK THERE'S ANY POINT IN TRYING TO ESCAPE...WE CAN-NOT ESCAPE...WE MUST JUST ENDURE...
...WHAT'S THAT NOISE?
WAPP WAPP WAPP WAPP WAPP WAPP WAPP WAPP WAPP WAPP WAPP WAPP
WAPP WAPP WAPP WAPP WAPP WAPP WAPP WAPP WAPP
...MY GOD... WHAT IS THAT NOISE?

WAPP
WAPP
WAPP
WAPP
WAPP
WAPP
WAPP
WAPP
WAPP
WAPP
WAPP
WAPP
WAPP
WAPP
...OH, LORD, JOSEY, LOOK AT THEM! LOOK AT THEM!
...NO... I WANT TO DIE...

NO, JOSEY, NO, JOSEY FOR GOD'S SAKE DON'T SAY THAT...
...PLEASE, NO!
...NO... I MUST HANG ONTO LIFE... ...I MUST...
WAPP WAPP WAPP
...THEY CLOSED THEIR EYES THO' AND THEY SUCCUMBED AT LEAST TO A FETAL POSITION...AND THEY BOUND THEMSELVES UP INTO SUCH LITTLE PARCELS THAT THEY BARELY EXISTED...
WAPP WAPP
WAPP WAPP
...AND WHEN THE CORPSES WHO WERE ONCE NAZI STORM TROOPERS MARCHED OVER THEM THEY DID NOT FEEL IT TOO MUCH FOR THEIR MINDS WERE A MILLION YEARS AWAY IN ANOTHER PLACE AND IN ANOTHER TIME...
THUPP THUMP THUMP THUPP
THUMP THUPP
THUMP THUMP
THUMP THUPP
THUMP
...WITH THEIR PARENTS...IN THEIR CHILDHOODS...

...HAVE THEY GONE?
...YES...THEY'VE GONE INTO ONE OF THE TUNNELS...
WAPP WAPP WAPP WAPP WAPP WAPP WAPP WAPP WAPP WAPP WAPP WAPP
...WHERE'S ALL THE DUST COMING FROM?
...IT'S GETTING DARK...
...THERE ARE NO TORTURES LEFT, JOSEY...THIS ONE IS THE LAST...IT MUST BE THE LAST...THERE IS NOTHING LEFT... }CAFF CAFF{ NOTHING...
...PERHAPS THIS IS WHERE WE DIE...}CAFF CAFF{ MAYBE THIS IS THE END, ANNE...
...THE PIT BEING...FILLED UP...WITH EARTH!!
ANNE... WE'LL BE SUFFOCATED!

...THEY RIP BITS FROM THEIR DRESSES AND COVER THEIR MOUTHS AND NOSTRILS...AND THEY ***PRETEND*** THEY ARE ***DEAD*** AND THAT THERE WILL BE NO MORE TO ***FEAR***...NO MORE TO ***ENDURE***...



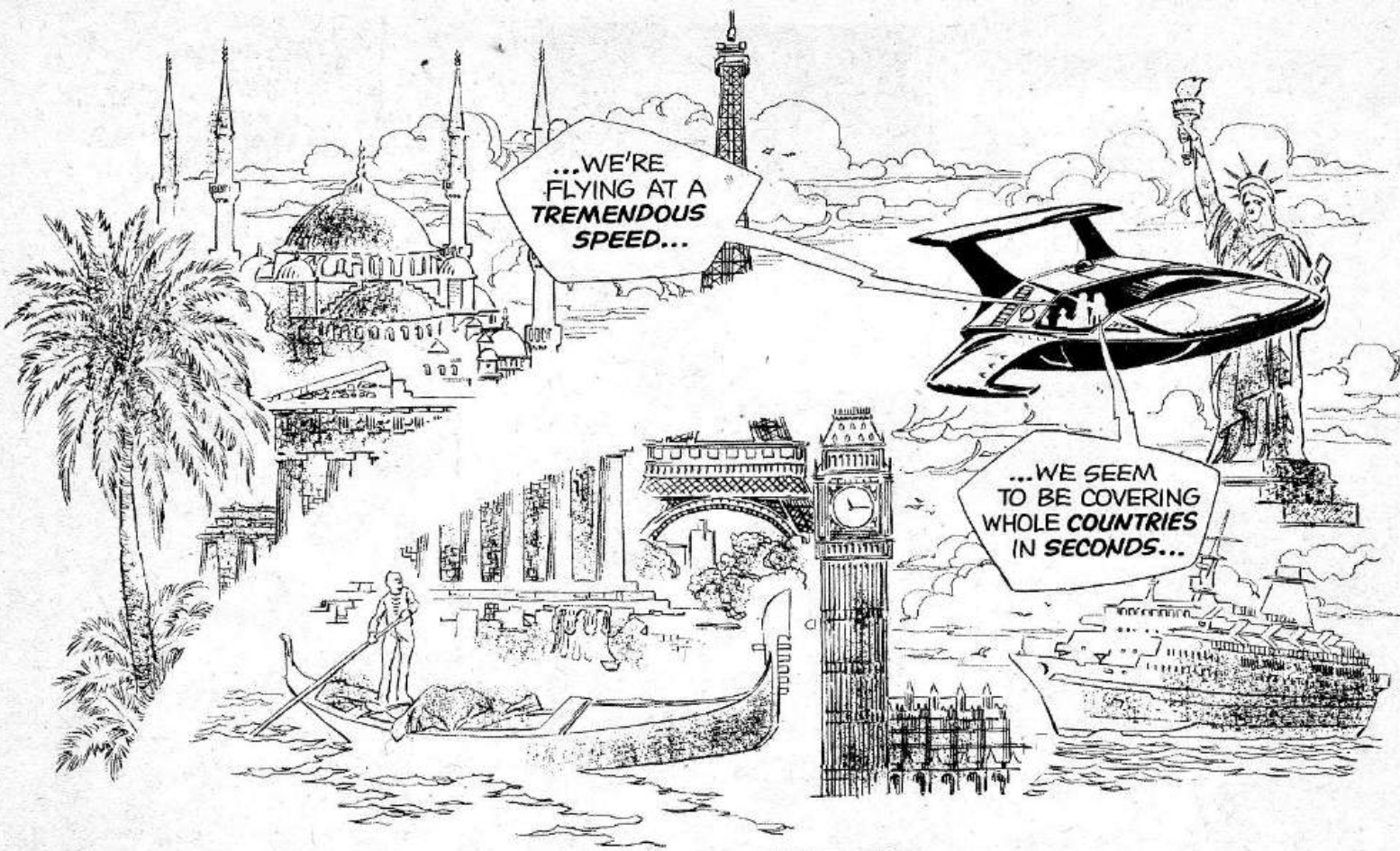
...BUT WHEN THE TUNNEL IS FILLED UP TO A CERTAIN EXTENT THEY ONCE AGAIN HAVE A NAGGING AT THEIR BRAINS AND THEIR CONSCIENCES THAT TELLS THEM ***NO***, DO ***NOT SUCCUMB***...AND WITH ONLY SEMI-HUMAN NEED FOR SURVIVAL DRIVING THEM THEY STRUGGLE TO THE SURFACE...

...***STRUGGLE*** THO' THEIR POWER OF ***REASON*** DENIES THEM ***STRENGTH***...

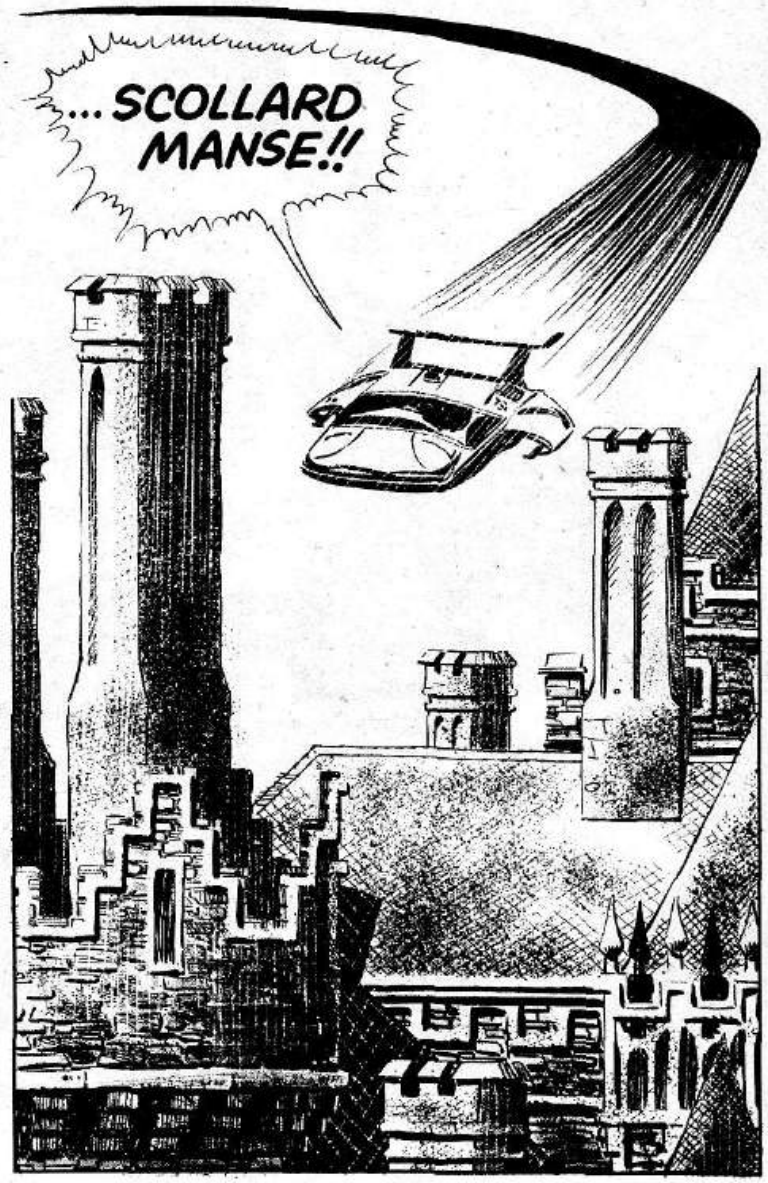
...AND WHEN THEY ***REACH*** THE SURFACE, THEY ARE ***AGAIN*** ALIVE AND ***AGAIN*** BENT ON ***VICTORY*** OVER THEIR ***TORMENTORS***...

...YOU HAVE LOST!
WHOEVER... WHATEVER YOU ARE...YOU HAVE LOST!
...DO YOU HEAR US, MONSTROSITY?
YOU HAVE LOST!
NO, YOU HAVE LOST!
NO!

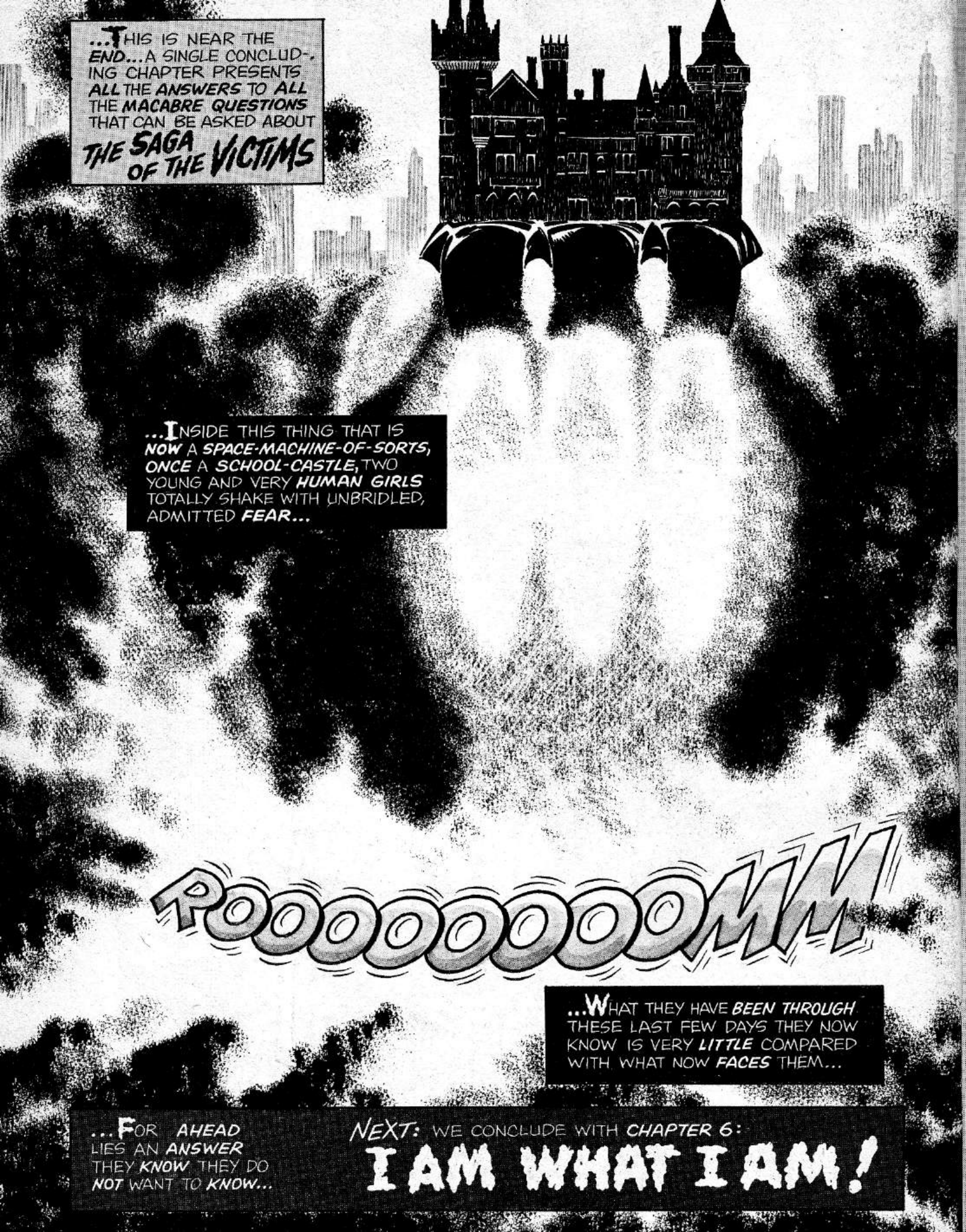
NOW...YOU MAY REST EASY... YOUR PERSONAL TORMENT IS OVER!
...WHAT IS GOING TO HAPPEN TO US NOW, JOSEY?
...I DON'T KNOW ANY MORE THAN YOU DO... I SWEAR I DON'T...
...ANOTHER NOISE...
MMMMMMM
...SOME KIND OF LITTLE PLANE...
...WHAT ARE THEY?
...DUNNO... THEY LOOK HARMLESS...
...THE VOICE SAID OUR TORMENT WAS FINISHED...
COME INSIDE...


...WE'RE FLYING AT A TREMENDOUS SPEED...
...WE SEEM TO BE COVERING WHOLE COUNTRIES IN SECONDS...

MANHATTAN!
...OBVIOUSLY WE'RE BEING TAKEN TO THE LAIR OF OUR TORMENTOR...
RIGHT... AND I'LL GIVE YOU JUST ONE GUESS EXACTLY WHERE THAT IS...


...SCOLLARD MANSE!!

...WE'RE FLYING RIGHT INSIDE IT AT HUNDREDS OF MILES PER HOUR!
...IT'S... INCREDIBLE...
WE JUST... JUST STOPPED DEAD...
...STOPPED LIKE WE WEREN'T EVEN MOVING...
...BUT THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE NOW...
...THE WHOLE BUILDING IS SHAKING VIOLENTLY...
EEEEEEEEEEE
...MY GOD, JOSEY, THE NOISE!!


...THIS IS NEAR THE END...A SINGLE CONCLUDING CHAPTER PRESENTS ALL THE ANSWERS TO ALL THE MACABRE QUESTIONS THAT CAN BE ASKED ABOUT THE SAGA OF THE VICTIMS
...INSIDE THIS THING THAT IS NOW A SPACE-MACHINE-OF-SORTS, ONCE A SCHOOL-CASTLE, TWO YOUNG AND VERY HUMAN GIRLS TOTALLY SHAKE WITH UNBRIDLED, ADMITTED FEAR...
ROOOOOOOOMM!
...WHAT THEY HAVE BEEN THROUGH THESE LAST FEW DAYS THEY NOW KNOW IS VERY LITTLE COMPARED WITH WHAT NOW FACES THEM...
...FOR AHEAD LIES AN ANSWER THEY KNOW THEY DO NOT WANT TO KNOW...
NEXT: WE CONCLUDE WITH CHAPTER 6:
I AM WHAT I AM!

This is the
face of
SATAN
a face often
seen in
the pages of
PSYCHO
in the
next issue,
on sale 12/30/74

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DOWN Super Kitty!
Baaaaad kitty, no!
He heard you had leeched but weren't sharing. Pretty lame. Don't make Super Kitty hunt you down.
Got it SHARE it!
MEOWWWWWR!
SUPER-SASSAFRASS-SUM-BITCH's!
I HATE THE LEECHES
WHO NO SHARE! GROWL!
FIND'EM, CHEW'EM UP!
MAKE THEM MY NEW CHEW TOY!

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